Cy Whittaker's Place

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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SYNOPSIS.

Cons econom Heman Atkins wants to buy Cy Whittaker's place. Cy unexpect-edly returns to his boyhood home. Every one in Bayport venerates and fears Atkins except Cy. Atkins opposes the selection of Miss Phoebe Daws as

Cy champions Phoebs Dawes against Atkins, and she is elected teacher. Cy engages Mrs. Beasley as housekeeper. Cy discharges Mrs. Beasley. Emily Richards Thomas, aged eight, arrives at

The blace

The in an orphan and has come to live

with him, sithough he did not invite her

to do so.

Cy is furious, but he grows fond of her and keeps her. He nicknames her "Boa'n," and she learns to love him. Miss Phoebe Dawes and Captain Cy save

Emily from an ugly cow. The captain dmires the teacher.

Captain Cy. to help Phoebe, decides to run as a candidate for membership on Captain Cy invites Congressman Atkins

Emily's birthday party, and the law-taker decides to accept. Congressman Atkins gets a severe shock when he learns the last name and identity

of the girl Emily. A mysterious stranger arrives at Cy Whittaker's place. The stranger attacks Miss Phoebe, and Captain Cy rescues her after a scene

A tempestuous town meeting occurs. Congressman Atkins makes the mysterious stranger his friend. The latter turns out to be a drunkard, one Thomas, who is the father of little Emily. Captain Cy defeated for school commissioner.

A fight occurs between Captain Cy and
homas. Legal troubles arise over Cap-

Miss Phoebe visits the Widow Beasley. investigates some matters per

So Captain Cy had resolved upon flight, and he fled to Washington because the business of the "committee of one" offered a legitimate excuse for going there. The blunt message be had intrusted to Georgianna would, be believed, arouse Phoebe's indignation She would not call again. And when he returned to Bos'n it would be to take up the child's fight alone. If he lost that fight, or when he lost it, he is he?" would close the Cy Whittaker place and leave Bayport for good.

He had been in Washington once before, years ago, when he was first mate of a ship and had a few weeks' shore leave. Then he went there on a pleasure trip with some sengoing friends and had a jolly time. But there was precious little joility in the present visit. He had never felt so thoroughly miserable. In order to forget he made up his mind to work his hardest to discover why the harbor appropriation was not to be given to Bayport.

The city had changed greatly. He would scarcely have known it. He went to the hotel where he had stayed before and found a big modern build ing in its place. The clerk was in clined to be rather curt and perfunctory at first, but when he learned that the captain was not anxious concern ing the price of accommodations, but merely wanted a "comf table berth somewheres on the saloon deck" and appeared to have plenty of money he grew polite. Captain Cy was shown to his room, where he left his valise Then he went down to dinner.

After the meal was over he seated himself in one of the big leather chairs in the hotel lobby, smoked and thought. In the summer, before Bos'n came and before her father had arisen to upset every calculation and wreck all his plans, the captain had given serious thought to what he should do if Congressman Atkins failed, as even then he seemed likely to do, in secur ing that appropriation. The obvious thing, of course, would have been to hunt up Mr. Atkins and question him But this was altogether too obvious In the first place the strained relations between them would make the interview uncomfortable, and in the second if there was anything underhand in Heman's backsliding on the appropriation Atkins was too wary a bird to be snared with questions.

But Captain Cy had another acquaintance in the city, the son of a still older acquaintance, who had been a wealthy shipping merchant and mine owner in California. The son was also a congressman from a coast state, and the captain had read of him in the pa-A sketch of his life had been printed, and this made his identity absolutely certain. Captain Cy's original idea had been to write to this congressman. Now he determined to find and interview him.

He inquired concerning him of the hotel clerk, who, like all Washington clerks, was a walking edition of Who's Who at the Capital."

"Congressman Everdean?" repeated the all knowing gentleman. "Yes, he's in town Has rooms at the Gloria second hotel on the right as you go up the avenue only a short walk. What can I do for you, sir?"

The Gloria was an even bigger hote. than the one where the captain had his "berth." An inquiry at the desk of another important clerk was answered with a brisk;

"Mr. Everdenn? Yes, he rooms here Don't know whether he's in or not Evening, judge. Nice winter weather

we're having." The judge, who was a ponderous person, vaguely suggesting the great Heman, admitted that the weather was fine, patronizing it as he did so The clerk continued the conversation. Captain Cy waited. At length be spoke.

"Excuse me, commodore," he said. Phoebe's name be did not mention. in the matter. Honestly, the most of

"I don't like to break in until you've settled whether you have it snow or not, but I'm here to see Congressman Everdean. Hadn't you better order one of your fo'mast hands to hunt him

The judge condescended to smile, as did several other men who stood near. The clerk reddened. "Do you want to see Mr. Everdean?"

he anapped. "Why, yes, I did, But I can't see him from here without strainin' my eyesight." The clerk sharply demanded one of

the captain's visiting cards. He didn't get one, for the very good reason that there was none in existence. "Tell him an old friend of his dad's

is here on the main deck waitin' for him," said Captain Cy. "That'll do first rate. Thank you, admiral."

Word came that the congressman would be down in a few moments. The captain beguiled the interval by leaning on the rail and regarding the clerk with an awed curiosity that annoved its object exceedingly. The inspection was still on when a tall man of an age somewhere in the early thirtles wasked briskly up to the desk.

"Who is it that wants to see me?" he

The clerk waved a deprecatory hand in Captain Cy's direction. The newcomer turned.

"My name is Everdean," he said. "Are you- Hey! Great Scott! Is it possible this is Captain Whittaker?"

The captain was immensely pleased. Well, I declare, Ed." be exclaimed. "I didn't believe you'd remember me after all these years. You was nothin' but a boy when I saw you out in Frisco. Well, well! No wonder you're in congress. A man that can remember faces like that ought to be president." Everdean laughed as they shook

hands "Don't suppose I'd forget the chap who used to dine with us and tell me those sea stories, do you?" he said. "I'm mighty glad to see you. What are you doing here? The last father and I heard of you you were in South America. Given up the sea, they said, and getting rich fast."

Captain Cy chuckled. "It's a good thing I learned long ago not to believe all I hear," he answered. "else I'd have been so sure I was rich that I'd have spent all I had and been a permanent boarder at the poorhouse now, No, thanks; I've had dinuer. Why, yes, I'll smoke if you'll help along. How's your father? Smart,

The congressman insisted that they should adjourn to his rooms. An un married man, he kept bachelor's hall



HEYER

TAKER at the botel during his stay in Washington. There in comfortable chairs they spoke of old times, when the captain was seafaring and the Everdean home had been his while his ship was in port at Frisco. He told of his return to Bayport and the renovation of the old house. Of Bos'n he said nothing. At last Everdean asked what had brought him to Washington.

"Well," said Captain Cy. "I'll tell you. I'm like the feller in court without a lawyer-he said he couldn't tell whether he was guilty or not 'count of havin' no professional advice. That's what I've come to you for, Ed -professional advice."

He told the harbor appropriation story. At the incident of the "committee of one" his friend laughed beartily.

"Rather put your foot in it that time, Captain, didn't you?" he said.

"Yup. Then I got t'other one stuck tryin' to get the first clear. How's it look to you? All straight, do you think, or is there a nigger in the wood pile?

Mr. Everdean seemed to reflect. "Well, Captain," he said, "I can't tell. You're asking delicate questions. Politicians are like doctors-they usu ally back up each other's opinions

Still, you're at least as good a friend of mine as Atkins is. Queer he should bob up in this matter. Why, he-but never mind that now. I tell you, Captain Whittaker, you come around and have dinner with me tomorrow night In the meantime I'll see the chairman of the committee on that bill-one of the so called 'pork' bills it is. Possibly from him and some other acquaint ances of mine I may learn something.

At any rate, you come to dinner.' So the invitation was accepted, and Captain Cy went back to his own hotel and his room. He slept but little, although it was not worry over the appropriation question which kept him awake. Next morning he wrote a note to Georgianna giving his Washington address. With it be inclosed a long letter to Bos'n, telling her he should be home pretty soon and that she presume likely there ain't a mite of must be a good girl and "boss the ship" during his absence. He sent his

Then he pur in a miserable day wandering about the city. At 8 that evening he and his western friend sat down at a corner table in the big dining room of the Gloria.

The captain began to ask questions as soon as the soup was served, but Everdean refused to answer.

"No, no," he said, "pleasure first and business afterward; that's a congressional motto. I can't talk Atkins with my dinner and enjoy it."

CHAPTER XIX.

ANT, hey?" queried Cyrus of the congressman. wouldn't be popular at our perfect boarding house back There they serve Heman bot home. for breakfast and dinner and warm him over for supper. All right; I can wait."

The conversation wandered from Buenos Aires to Frisco and back again until the cigars and coffee were reached. Then the congressman blew a fragrant ring into the air and from behind it looked quizzically at his

"Well," he observed, "so far as that appropriation of yours is concerned"-He paused and blew a second ring Captain Cy stroked his beard.

"Um-yes!" he drawled. "Now that you mention it seems to me there was

some talk of an appropriation." Mr. Everdean laughed. "I've been making inquiries," he said. "I saw the chairman of the com-

well. He's a good fellow, but"-"Yes, I know. I've seen lots of politicians like that. They're all good fellers, but- If I was in politics I'd make a law to cut 'but' out of the dic-

mittee on the pork bill. I know him

tionary. "Well, this chap really is a good fellow. I asked about the \$30,000 for your town. He asked me why I didn't go to the congressman from that district and not bother him about it. I said perhaps I would go to the congressman later, but I came to him first."

"Sartin. Same as the feller with sick mother-in-law stopped in at the undertaker's on his way to call the doctor. All right; heave shead."

"Well, we had a rather long conersation. I discovered that the Bayport item was originally included in the bill, but recently had been stricken out."

"Yes, I see. Uncle Sam had to economize, hey-save somethin' for a rainy day?

"Well, possibly. Still, the bill is just as beavy. Now, Captain Whittaker, I don't know anything about this affair, and it's not my business, but I've been about today, and I asked questions, and-I'm going to tell you a fairy tale. It isn't as interesting as your sea yarns, but- Do you like fairy stories?"

"Land, yes! Tell a few myself when it's necessary. Sometimes I almost believe 'em. Well?"

"Of course you must remember this is a fairy story. Let's suppose that once on a time-that's the way they always begin-once on a time there was a great man, great in his own country, who was sent abroad by his people to represent them among the rulers of the land, so in order to typically represent them he dressed in glad and expensive raiment, went about in dignity and"-

"And whiskers. Don't leave out the whiskers."

"All right-and whiskers. And it came to pass that the people whom be "IS IT POSSIBLE THIS IS CAPTAIN WHIT- represented wished to-er-bring about -their beautiful and enterprising com munity.

"Sho, sho! How natural that sounds! You must be a mind reader."

"No, but I have to make speeches in my own community occasionally. Well, the people asked their great man to get the money needed for this improvement from the culers of the land aforementioned. And he was at first all enthusiasm, and upon the-the parchment scroll where such matters are inscribed were written the name of the benutiful and enterprising community and the sum of money it asked for, and the deal was as good as made Excuse the modern phraseology. My fairy lingo got mixed there."

"Never mind I can get the drift

just as well-maybe better." "And the deal was as good as made But before the vote was taken another chap came to the great man and said 'Look here! I want to get an approprintion of, say, \$50,000 to deepen and improve a river down in my state'-a southern state we'll say-T've been to the chairman of the pork bill committee, and he says it's impossible. The bill simply can't be loaded any further. But I find that you have an item in there for deepening and improving a harbor back in your own district. Why don't you cut that Item outshove it over until next year? You can easily find a satisfactory explanation for your constituents. And you want to remember this: The improve ment of this river means that the the -well, a certain sugar growing com pany can get their stuff to market at a figure which will send its stock up and up. And you are said to own a coasid erable amount of that stock So why not drop the harbor item and substitute my river slice? Then' Well, I guess that's the end of the tale."

He paused and relit his eigar. Captain Cy thoughtfully marked with his

fork on the tablecloth. "Hum!" he grunted. "That's a very Interestin' yarn. Yes, yes; don't know's I ever heard a more interestin' one.

proof that it's true? "Not an atom. I told you it was a regards to Asaph and Bailey, but fairy tale. And I mustn't be quoted

it is guesswork at that. But perhaps a 'committee of one' dropping a hint at home might at least arouse some un comfortable questioning of a certain great man. That's about all, though.

Proof is quite another thing." The captain pondered. He was fully aware that the unpopularity of the "committee" would nullify whatever good its hinting might do.

"Humph!" he grunted again. "It's one thing to smell a rat and another to nail its tail to the floor. But I'm mighty obliged to you, all the same And I'll think it over hard. Say, 1 can see one thing-you don't take a very big shine to Heman yourself!" "Not too big, no. Do you?"

"Well, I don't wake up nights and cry for him.'

Everdenn laughed. "That's characteristic," he said You have your own way of putting things, captain, and it's hard to be improved on. Atkins has never done anything to me. I just-I just don't the second year, or, at fifty cents like him, that's all. Father never liked aplece, \$16,300. Deduct five hundred him either in the old days, and yet, and it's odd, too, he was the means of the old gentleman's making the most of his money."

"He? Who? Not Heman?"

"Yes, Heman Atkins. But so far as that goes father started him toward poor enough before the mine was sold."

"What are you talkin' about? Heman got his start tradin' over in the beads and callee for pearls and copratwo cupfuls of penris for every bend Anyhow, that's the way the yarn goes.

"I can't belp that. He was just a common sailor who had run away from his ship and was gold mining in Cali fornia. And when he and his partner struck it rich father berrowed money. headed a company and bought them out. That mine was the Excelsior, and it's fust as productive today as it ever was. I rather think Atkins must be very sorry he sold. I suppose, by right, I should be very grateful to your distinguished representative."

Well, I do declare! Sho, sho! Ain't that funny, now? He's never said a word about it at home. I don't be-Heve there's a soul in Bayport knows that. We all thought 'twas south sea tradin' that boosted Heman. And your own dad! I declare, this is a small

"It's odd father never told you about it. It's one of the old gentleman's pet stories. He came west in 1850 and was running a little shipping store in Frisco. He met Atkins and the other young sailor, his partner, before they left their ship. They were in the store, buying various things, and father got to know them pretty well Then they ran away to the diggingsyou simply couldn't keep a crew in those times-and he didn't see them again for a good while. Then they came in one day and showed him specimens from a claim they had back in the mountains. They were mighty good specimens, and what they said about the claim convinced father that they had a valuable property. So he went to see a few well to do friends of his, and the outcome was that a party was made up to go and inspect. The young fellows were willing to sell out, for it was a quartz working, and

they hadn't the money to carry it on "The inspection showed that the claim was likely to be even better than they thought, so, after some pargaining the deal was completed. They sold out for \$75,000, and it was the best trade father ever made. He's so proud of his judgment and foresight in making it that I wonder he never

"He never did. When was this?"

"In '54. What?" "I didn't speak. The date seemed kind of familiar to me, that's all Seem's as if I heard it recent, but I can't remember when. Seventy-five thousand, hey? Well, that wan't so had was it? With that for a next egg. no wonder Heman's managed to hatch a pretty respectable brood of dollars."

"Ob, the whole seventy-five wasn't his, of course. Half belonged to his partner. But the poor devil didn't live to enjoy it. After the articles were signed and before the money was paid over he was taken sick with a fever and died."

"Rey? He did? With a fever? "Yes, but he left a pretty good legacy to his heirs, didn't he? For a common sailor or second mate-I believe that's what he was-\$37,500 is doing well. It must have come as a big surprise to them. The whole sum was paid to Atkins, who- What's the

matter with you?" Captain Cy was leaning back in his chair. He was as white as the table

cloth. "Are you ill?" asked the congressman anxiously. "Take some water. Shall I call"-

The captain waved his hand. "No, no," he stammered. "No! I'm all right. Do you-for the Lord's sake tell me this! What was the name of this partner that died?"

Mr. Everdean looked curiously at his friend before he answered.

"Sure you're not sick?" he asked "Well, all right. The partner's name? Wby, I've heard it often enough. It's on the deed of sale that father bas framed in his from at home. The old gentleman is as proud of that as any thing in the house. The name waswas"

"For God sake," cried Captain Cy. "don't say 'twas John Thayer, 'cause if you do I shan't believe it."

"That's what it was-John Thayer. How did you guess? Did you know him? I remember now that he was another down easter, like Atkins." The captain did not answer. He

clasped his forehead with both hands and leaned his elbows on the table. Everdean was plainly alarmed.

(Continued next week.)

THEIR CHICKEN

By FRANK PEARSON. The Waltons were not idealists, and when, after six years of married life, they took themselves and Bobby, aged five, to the long hoped for country home, they were prepared for certain tribulations. They did not feel exasperated when the coal turned to cobblestones in the furnace and the kitch en chimney made smoked meat a part of every dinner. But they did hope to raise chickens.

"One pair of Flymouth Rocks will produce two hundred young at the end of a year," said Mary. "Now, allowing for ten per cent. failing to hatch, that means 32,600 at the end of the second year, or, at fifty cents for food and fencing and-Bobby, don't you go near the pond!"

John did not see it that way, but he

did see a future in intelligent chicken raising. He preferred ducks, but with a roving little boy upon the premises the duck pond was not to be made atwealth, I suppose. At least he was tractive with feathered tenants. Bobby was abnormally inquisitive, and the pond kept his mother in consant "alarums and incursions," as Shakesouth seas, sellin' the Kanakas glass speare puts it. So they planned to drain it, and meanwhile started on the chicken proposition, in the shape of a gigantic rooster and ten bens, thereby materially increasing the estimated profits.

The day after the purchase, however, there were one rooster and nine hens. The next day there were one rooster and eight hens, and a week later there were one forlorn and angry-looking rooster and two hens. which went about their domain with an apprehensive air.

"It's the pip," announced John, after studying them intently. "But pip doesn't obliterate them, oes it, John?" asked Mary. does Wouldn't there be something left to

show?" "Then it's thieves," said John exultantly. "Now I've got it. I'll get

a gun. Mary was afraid of guns and wanted to insure their lives instead. But John was scornful of this proposition. It was to a gun or a dog. A gun cost fifteen dollars, and a dog, a good dog -not a thoroughbred, but just a good, square, honest dog, might be had for less. John couldn't make up his mind. Providentally, as it seemed, it was made up for him. That eve-



"He's a Good Watch Dog."

ning an elderly darky appeared at the

front door. 'Vo' don' want to buy a good houn' do you, boss?" he inquired, pulling at a length of string, from the far end of which a yelping sound was heard. The yelping became more audible, and after a few yards had been drawn in a yellowish parallelogram came into view.

"Lay down, Charlie," his master commanded. "Ah'll let yo' have this houn' for five dollars, boss," said the negro. "He's a good watch dog an' yo' won't be troubled by no thieves

when he's aroun'." The yellow parallelogram came forward and stuck his nose into the ends

of John's trousers. "Oh!" cried Bobby, and the next moment the two were rolling over and over in playful happiness, such as only a dog and a boy can ever

This clinched the bargain. "Now we can get some more chickens," said John, and the giant rooster was comforted by the presence of another half dozen hens.

"I see you've bought Jim." said their neighbor, looking over the fence next morning. "Regular boy's dog, ain't he?"

'My dog is named Charlie," responded John with dignity. "Suit yourself, neighbor," replied the other. "He was called Jim when I had him."

John was a little mystified, but the sterling qualities of Charlie quickly assured him of his wisdom in purchasing him. Did any stranger draw near the house, Charlle's fangs were bared and his growls gave evidence of danger to all predatory persons who dared to molest the sanctity of the Walton home. However, a week later, to Mary's consternation, when she approached the chicken pen the gigantic rooster stood gazing upon her in affronted dignity. And not a

single hen was visible. "John, they've stolen all my hens!"

she cried, almost in tears. "What's the good of Charlie if he doesn't keep guard over the chicken house? I

thought he was such a good dog, too. The mystery was solved by the disagreeable neighbor. He came over the fence later in the day.

"Lost your hens, hain't you?" he asked of John, with friendly interest. "I'd had liked to warn you, only you seemed huffy about that dog." "What do you mean?" asked John, quite humbly this time.

"Well," said the other, "Jim's been owned by quite a good many folks hereabouts. He's a chicken dog "A chicken dog!" exclaimed John

Walton. "Yes, str. Old Moses trained him to steal chickens since he was a pup. He sells him round, and when Mor comes for his dinner Jim knows him and helps him round 'em up. Then he goes back home. I guess Moses has sold Jim half a dozen times since

"Do you mean to say that infernal dog has caught all my chickens?" cried John Walton. "I'll shoot him. Why hasn't anybody else killed him?" The other chewed a straw reflectively. "O, well, he's just a boy's dog," he answered. "Besides, nobody raises chickens bereabouts."

'And Moses?" "Ha, ha! You'd have to be smart to catch Moses. Why, all he does to just to stand outside and whistle." "You haven't got a gun, have you?"

demanded John quietly.
"Well, yes," admitted the other. "But I wouldn't shoot old Jim, if I was you. He's a real boy's dog." "What do you mean by that?" asked

John. A piercing scream from the bottom of the garden answered him. Mary came running from the house. by!" she gasped. They raced togeth-

er toward the duck pond.
On the brink sat Bobby, very wet and very much terrified. Beside him. licking the boy's face and wagging his tail, sat Charite, also wet. There was a rent in Bobby's pinafore, where Charlie's teeth had met to drag him

from the water. Mary Walton caught Bobby in her arms, and Charlie jumped gleefully beside her. In silence the four returned to where their neighbor stood.

Then John Walton stooped down and laid his hand caressingly on Charlie's head. "Never mind that gun, neighbor," he said. "I guess I know what you

mean now. By the way, do you know anybody who wants the gift of a roop "I guess old Moses might take him." answered the other, chewing his

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REALIZE VALUE OF FORESTS People of Switzerland Mean to See

That the Land Is Not Denuded of

Ite Trees. In Switzerland only small tracts of the forests are denuded at one time. The portions from which the timber is cut are immediately replanted, and by the process of removal and replanting the forest area is always covered with growing trees. Article 24 of the federal constitution, adopted by pop-ular vote in 1887, says: "The confed eration has the right of surveillance over the police in the control of the forests. It also has the right of correction of causes of the overflow of streams and of the replanting of for-

ests along their sources." Both the federal and the governments give ald and encourage ment in the way of subsidies, especially for the protection and conservation of the forests, not only because of their economic value but because they protect life and property in the vilages and communities in the mountainous districts from avalanches. The pines, firs, larches and other trees that grow and thrive in the higher altitudes and sterile soil of the mountains offer the only protection against avalanches and landslides. which not infrequently destroy whole villages and do great damage to com-

munities in their devastating courses. In 1894 the total forest area of Switzerland was 2,091,000 acres, representing 20.2 per cent. of the total surface area of the country. In 1911 the forest acreage was 2.258,000, equal to 21.86 per cent, of the total area of the country, an increase of 167,000 acres. Instead of being an expense. the forests of Switzerland are a source of profit to the government.

What the World Owes.

Do you worry when your monthly bills come around? If you do, it might be worth while to know that there are some real debtors in the world, writes Oswald F. Shuetter in Leslie's. For statistics that have just been completed at Washington reveals the fact that the national debts of the world aggregate \$42,000,000,000. Ten years ago it was about \$32,000,000,000, and forty years ago it was but a little over \$20,000,000,000-having doubled in four decades. The largest national debt is that of the Repositic of France a total of \$6,284,000,000. The next large est is that of the United Kingdom, including British India, a total of \$4,-961,000,000. Germany lacks less than \$50,009,000 of this total, the debt of the empire and of the German states totaling \$4,914,000,000. Russia owes \$4,553,000,000; Austria-Hungary, \$3,-753,000,000; Italy, \$2,707,000,000; Spain \$1,815,000,000; Japan, \$1,242,000,000. and down at the foot of the list of great powers is the United States with \$1.028,000,000. But if the nations of the world owe much they also own much. For their annual revenues to tal \$12,179,000,000 and their annual expenditures, \$12,308,000,000.